

Want is the just punishment of wantonness.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

DEATH OF REV. HOLMAN DREW.

Br. Stevens.—I write to inform you and our brethren and friends, through the Herald, of the death of our beloved brother, Rev. Holman Drew, of the New Hampshire Conference. I witnessed his departure yesterday, July 2, at 4 o'clock, P. M. His end might be expected, was joyful. He has been in labors more abundant. We can but believe his crown will correspond therewith. You will, doubtless, be furnished with a more complete and full account of this beloved brother's life and death.

Yours,
Newbury, Vt., July 3. GEO. F. WELLS.

FRANCIS WHITE died in Wilbraham, Mass., June 8, aged 30 years. Br. W. was an excellent youth, of great promise and of devoted piety. He had but recently been a student in the Wesleyan Academy, where he had gained the love of his schoolmates, and won the esteem and confidence of his teachers. He had, from a child, been distinguished for sweetness of temper, kindness towards friends, and firmness and consistency in the discharge of duty. He was examining with much prayer the evidences of a call to the Christian ministry, cherishing the impression that God had called him to publish the Gospel of Christ; but consumption overtook him, his brightening breath upon him, and the hopes of his friends and the church withered in the bud. He himself, however, flourishes in a brighter clime. During his long confinement of many months, not a word of murmur or complaint escaped him; and when the last day drew near he was joyful, though oppressed with languor and pain. While strength remained, he had divided his books and property among his relatives, and laid himself down, calmly and heroically, to look death in the face for long weeks. But God gave him victory. For when his hour had come, he perished. "Don't weep, Mother! Jesus is precious!" and began to live in glory.

Wilbraham, July 3. ROBERT ALLYN.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

REPORT ON SLAVERY.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

The Committee on Slavery present, as their Report, the following

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That though we freely admit that a person may be thrown into the legal relation of a slaveholder without his consent, and be innocent, and further, that he may innocently consent to the legal relation, in so far as is necessary in order to emancipate the victim of legal oppression, yet it is our deliberate and solemn judgment, that slaveholding, in the usual sense of that term, or in the sense of holding and treating human beings as property, stands opposed to every commandment of the decalogue, and all the leading precepts of the Gospel of Christ; and we hereby declare that we cannot see how it is possible for an intelligent slaveholder to be a Christian.

2. Resolved, That as slaveholding, in the sense defined, stands opposed to the general system of practical Christianity, it is emphatically opposed to that particular form of Christianity called Methodism. In so far, therefore, as it has entrenched itself within the sacred enclosure of our church, whether in the form of statutory regulations or otherwise, it has done an injury to the constitution and standards of Methodism, and furnishes an appropriate occasion of deep humiliation and self-abasement before God and the Christian world, and the prompt and faithful administration of a salutary and godly discipline.

3. Resolved, That in the performance of this important service, slaveholding, in the sense referred to, should be regarded, (as some of the ablest expositors of our Discipline regard rum-selling,) as a flagrant breach of those "General Rules," which require us to "do no harm"—to "avoid evil of every kind"—to "do no others as we would have others do unto us," and to the whole system of practical morality contained in those rules; and as it stands opposed to the moral commands and standards of the ten commandments and in the Gospel of Christ, it should be regarded as a violation of that article of our religion which makes the canonical Scriptures as the "only and sufficient rule of our faith and practice," and be treated as any other gross immorality.

4. Resolved, That as slaveholding, in the sense defined, either involves, or is associated with, crimes of the very highest class, it is justly set down in the same category with these. The fact, therefore, that a member of our church is a slaveholder, ought to be regarded as a *prima facie* evidence that he is guilty of immorality; and if, in any particular case, it be claimed that the delinquent is a slaveholder under the law of necessity, or from any other extenuating cause, if such cause can exist, he should be required to present such cause before the regularly constituted tribunals of the church, and if it is not found to be satisfactory, he should be promptly expelled.

5. Resolved, That we, as a Conference, have never been tainted with what is called "radicalism;" and we are unqualifiedly opposed to it, whether it be developed among slaveholders and their ultra apologists on the one hand, or among ultra abolitionists on the other, and cleave to constitutional Methodism as it is; and while, on the one hand, we feel morally and religiously bound to do all we constitutionally can to extirpate slavery from the church and the world, and have never deemed right, but always criminally radical, to countenance the adoption of any violent, unconstitutional measure for the attainment of this object, on the other hand, we can but regard the announcement, by whatever portion of the church it may be made, that a constitutional statutory rule, excluding impenitent slaveholders from the church, be adopted, that such portion will withdraw from the jurisdiction of the church, as furnishing conclusive evidence of the possession of a radical spirit, and as justly reprehensible, however deeply we might sympathize with any alleged circumstances, urged as the reason for such announcement.

6. Resolved, That we do not ask for any new rule of Discipline, excluding impenitent slaveholders, who will not be reformed, from the church, for we have one already of paramount authority in the Constitution itself, in the "General Rules" which we have named, which legitimately bears upon every such case, and can be made to accomplish all the purposes of a new and special statute.

M. HILL,
J. H. JENNE,
L. P. FRENCH,
C. BAKER,
B. F. SFRAGUE.

A WARNING TO OPPRESSORS.

All our readers are doubtless aware of the fact that an attempt at revolution, on the part of the nobility of Tarnow, in Poland, has been recently suppressed by the Austrian authorities, aided by the serfs, or peasantry, who avenged their own private wrongs by putting to death their late masters, and applying the torch to their castles and palaces. Fearful deeds were committed. In the circle of Tarnow alone two hundred nobles were

murdered,—the Austrian authorities looked on approvingly. In a few days, of all that gay and gallant chivalry, who had unfurled the banner of Polish nationality on the towers of Tarnow, nothing remained but naked and blackened corpses, smouldering under the ruins of their homes. They died not in the battle field, in conflict with Czar and Emperor, with the old Polish war-cries on their lips and the long Polish lance in their hands; but crouching ignominiously on their hearth stones, and by the hands of their own slaves. They had risen up against their political oppressors, and had issued thrilling manifestos in the name of "God and Liberty," while the fetters still gnawed the limbs, and the lash-scars still smarted on the backs of their own miserable serfs. The Austrians had only to leave these revolutionaries nobles, without sympathy or protection, in the hands of their wronged bondmen. Despotism made the experiment of rousing the over-worked and cruelly treated social slave against the wealthy and oppressive political subject, who, while demanding freedom for himself, had no thought of withdrawing his heel from the neck of the former. In the black and deep mines, in caves and hovels, rude, fierce, half-faburated peasants heard the signal of their terrible Saturnalia. The hour for which their fathers, for long generations, had looked, and of which they themselves had sometimes ventured to dream, had at last come—the hour of vengeance. At the very moment when, from the door-ways and balconies of Tarnow, high-born and delicate beauty smiled on the gulf and the gulf and graceful array of Polish knights and landlords, and with prayer and solemn chanting the banners of Revol passed under the consecrating hands of the Priesthood, an enemy more terrible than King or Kaiser looked upon that pagan. Semi-human ferocity and passion glared exultingly upon the fair white arms which waved approval from the crowded casements, and upon the proud and beautiful lips which invoked blessings on the assemblers of Poland's nationality. Wild-haired, bearded men bent over grind-stones, sharpening scythes and forks, and other implements with which they had killed the soil of their masters, for new and dreadful acts of indiscriminate massacre. No pen or pencil can adequately portray the horror of the scene which followed. Every sin, sooner or later, brings down its fitting punishment;—the awful retribution of Slavery has, in all times, attested the atrocity of its wrong.

Let those who may, lament the defeat of the slaveholders of Galicia. We spare our tears for their slaves. The time has been when we, too, mourned over "denationalized Poland." We believed that the struggle of her children was indeed for liberty, equal and impartial. We forgot, or were ignorant of the fact, that the laborers of Poland were slaves; that women were scourged to their tasks; that the real producers of the wealth of the luxurious nobles were subsisting on roots and herbs, and black bread, and liable to be sold, like farming utensils, with the soil upon which they wrought. If "Hope for a season bade the world farewell," when the nationality of Poland was destroyed, there were, at least, no tears or leave-takings between her and the Polish slaves. Over the doors of their hovels, generation after generation had read the same inscription which Dante saw over the gateway of the world of woe, "Hope enters not here!"—What stake has a slave in a mere political revolution! What matters it to him whether his lords and masters make court visits at Warsaw, or at Vienna, or St. Petersburg? The revolution held out to him no prospect of benefit. The blessings of its success were to be monopolized by the same class of men who had ground him and his fathers in the dust. Liberty!—his own bleeding back, his dismal hut, and his daughters insulted and outraged, told him that his masters had too much of that already.

What a lesson is afforded here to our own country! Have we not, like the Polish slaveholders, an enemy in our midst? Millions of human beings have not only nothing to hope from the success of their masters in a contest with an invading enemy, but every inducement possible to seek their defeat and ruin. Let them look upon Mexico, or a British army, led on by men proclaiming, "Freedom to the slaves!" and on the other hand upon the forces of our own country, marshalled by slaveholders, and who doubt on which side would be their sympathies. The event of the drama now opening on the banks of the Rio Grande no human eye can foresee. Europe may take part in it. The uprolling curtain may reveal, ere long, the great valley of the Southwest overhung with war clouds, and shaken by the shock of hostile armies. In that struggle the negro will bear his part. Imbruted and ignorant as he is, he has long known and felt who his enemies are, and will not fail to recognize as friends all who become the executors of his own vengeance.

Let the slaveholders of the United States, then, take warning. The fate of the slaveholders of Galicia may be theirs. The hypocrisy is as glaring as was that of their Polish brethren.—Their measure of iniquity and wrong doing is as full. The groans of oppressed and outraged human beings rise as audibly to the bar of eternal Justice from the plantations of the South, as from the mines and forests of Austrian Poland. In the ears of every American slaveholder we would whisper, "Remember Tarnow!"—Essex Transcript.

PEACE.

For the Herald and Journal.

Mr. Editor.—The following appeal to the Christian community from an excellent minister of the gospel in one of our seaports, is so well-timed, well-conceived and well-expressed, that the friends of peace would feel much obliged to you for giving it a place in your paper. Very respectfully,

GEO. C. BECKWITH,
Cor. Sec. Am. Peace Society.

Boston, June, 1846.

THE PREVALENCE OF PEACE PRINCIPLES

ESSENTIAL TO THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. RUFUS W. CLARK.

The prevalence of the war spirit prevents a union between different nations to oppose their common enemies, and the enemies of mankind. For example, popery is equally hostile to the institutions of England and America, and equally desirous of planting the papal standard in the heart of both countries. She has more to fear from these two powers than from any other power on the face of the earth; and what would more delight the Papists than to see the two great Protestant powers of the earth at open war with each other, wasting each other's commerce, trampling under foot each other's institutions, and deranging all those benevolent operations that have for their object the salvation of the world? When we look at the efforts made in the times of Henry VIII. and James I. to establish a pure Christianity in England, and the frequent struggles that Protestantism had with Popery ere the latter was vanquished; when we consider the labors of the emissaries of the man of sin to undermine the foundations of our own government, and overthrow our religious institutions; when we remember, too, that England was the land of the Puritans, and that to this noble people, both that country and our own are mainly indebted for the free principles embodied in their governments; and when we look at the relations we sustain to the whole family of mankind, we cannot view the possibility of a conflict between these two powers with any other feelings than those of the

most profound regret and deepest abhorrence.—We cannot conceive of an event that would be more disastrous to the interests of humanity; that would more seriously check the progress of liberty and religion, and give to the enemies of the cross greater reasons for rejoicing and triumph, than a war between England and America.

It may be said that our last war with England did not result so disastrously; but it should be remembered that circumstances since then have greatly changed. The continental powers of Europe, as well as the monarchy of our institutions, now feel the disturbing influence of our institutions; and there has been gradually growing up a jealousy of our national prosperity and greatness, so that in the event of a war the sympathies of the crowned heads of Europe would be rather with Great Britain than with us. Nor would Catholic Europe be an idle spectator of this conflict. Let the Jesuits behold us weakened and crippled; and on the ruin of our hopes would be established the holy inquisition with all the abominations connected with this odious system.

We have never indeed on this continent, felt the iron grasp of spiritual despotism; and many of the national evils that have sorely afflicted other countries, we, through the goodness of God, have escaped.

And are we so weary of the blessings of peace, that we are ready to exchange them for the hazards and horrors of war? Are we so bereft of reason, as to wish to exchange our prosperity, happiness and prospective glory, for evils, the magnitude of which no tongue can describe, and no imagination can picture? And what is it that has aroused the war spirit in our land? Have our rights been invaded? Is our liberty in jeopardy? Has Mexico robbed us of our territory, that our army is drawn out in battle array against her? Is she keeping the captive African in slavery, and do we demand at the point of the bayonet that she permit the enslaved to go free? Has England by her belligerent tone, and her claim to the whole of a disputed territory, provoked us to threatening her with war?

These questions it is not necessary for me to answer. It is sufficient to call forth our tears, to know that in Christian lands there yet remains so strong a disposition to appeal to the sword to settle our difficulties with foreign nations. At this moment, we want all the Protestantism on the earth, to oppose the inroads of Popery. We need a combination of all the Christianity, to break up the superstitions and barbarities of heathenism. We need a concentration of truth from all lands to destroy war; and God grant that the future battles which the world may witness, may be the conflict between the powers of light and the powers of darkness; and the future revolutions may be the overturnings preparatory to the reign of him whose right it is to sway his sceptre over the earth.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D.

One morning in June, Mr. Arnold, the minister of the parish, called at Mr. Cole's, and as he was wont, began to talk on the subject of religion. His manner was such as to render it pleasant, not repulsive. His heart was so full of love, and he was so earnest in his desires to promote his Master's cause, that even the most careless loved to hear him converse on the subject of religion.

Little Ellen, who was not quite five years old, loved Mr. Arnold very much. She thought he was the very best man in the world. When he came, she always took her little chair and sat beside him, and listened to what he said, as though she could understand it all; and she did understand much more than her friends supposed.

After Mr. Arnold had been sitting for some time, Ellen arose and went out the door. As she did not immediately return, he said, "Where is my little friend gone?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Cole, "I never knew her to leave the room when you were here before; she will be back in a minute."

Pretty soon Ellen came in with a red face, and a tin cup full of water, which she gave to Mr. Arnold.

"Thank you, my dear," said he; "how did you know I was thirsty? It is deliciously cool."

"Have you been to the spring?" said Mrs. Cole, knowing that there was no cool water in the house.

"Yes ma'am," said Ellen.

"I am very much obliged to you for your trouble," said the minister. When he had offered a brief prayer, he took his leave.

"What made you go and get the cup of water for Mr. Arnold?" said Mrs. Cole to her daughter.

Ellen seemed reluctant to give an answer, and her mother did not press it.

The matter continued to employ Mrs. Cole's thoughts, and pretty soon it occurred to her that the passage of Scripture read by Mr. Cole at morning prayers, was the cause of Ellen's conduct in regard to the cup of water. "Ellen dear," said she, "tell mother what led you to go to the spring? What it was that you read in the Bible this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Ellen, in a low voice. The passage to which allusion was made was,

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Do you expect a reward for giving Mr. Arnold a cup of water?"

"Yes ma'am."

"What kind of a reward do you expect?"

"I don't know; just such as the good Lord sees fit to give."

"Will the Lord reward every one who gives Mr. Arnold a cup of water?"

"Yes, ma'am, if they give it because he is a disciple, he will."

Here was an example of simple confidence in God's promises, which we should all do well to imitate. And here was a reward to the recompense of a reward which we should do well to imitate. You often do this person and that person a favor, in hope that he will do something for you in return. But you are often disappointed. You can never be certain of receiving a reward from man, for what you do for him. But there is no such uncertainty when you do things for God. Verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.—Youth's Companion.

THE MOURNER.

"It is very lonely, mamma," murmured a fair and lovely girl, as she rested upon a sofa one evening; "it is very lonely now, and the night seems very long. Shall I never see papa any more?"

"Yes, my love, you will see him in a brighter world than this."

"But this is a fair world," said the little girl. "I love to run and play in the warm sunshine, and pick the water-cresses from the brook; and when the weather is a little warmer, I shall go and gather the blue-eyed violet that papa said was like me."

"Too like, I fear," said the mother, as the tear-drops trembled on the drooping lid; "but, my dear child, there is a fairer world than this, where the flowers never fade; where clouds never hide the light of that glorious sky; for the glory of

him whose name is love beams brightly and forever in those golden clouds; the trees that grow on the bank of the river which waters that blessed place, never fade as they do in this world; and when friends meet there, they will be parted no more, but will sing hymns of praise to God and the Lamb for ever."

"And shall I go to that happy place when I die," said the child; "and will you go with me?"

"Yes," said the mother, "we shall go in God's own time; and when he calls us from this life, we shall dwell for ever in his presence."

It was a little while, and the mother bent over the grave of this little frail flower of intellect, withered by the untimely frosts of death; but was she alone, when in the twilight shades she sat upon the grassy mound, where the deep and wearying hopes of that fond heart were gathered in oblivious silence. O no! the soft and silvered tones of buried love whispered in the breeze, and lifted the drooping flowers overcharged with the dew tears of night. The diamond stars that one by one came forth upon their shining watch, seemed beaming with the light of that deathless flame, which burned upon the heart, and upon the shrine of her heart, and she enjoyed, in the holy hours of solitude, that communion of pure spirits which our exalted faith alone can bestow.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

"It happened once that all the animals, beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, assembled to hear a sermon from one of their number; I have not been informed who was the orator. The subject of the discourse was the duty of living to do good; and the audience seemed much delighted with the number and variety of the motives presented. As they went to their respective homes, after the performance, they thus moralized to themselves:

"Said the ant, 'this sermon is a very good one for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor, little crawling thing as I do for the good of the universe? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires all my time and attention. If I had wings like the butterfly, I would not live so useless a life as he does.'

"Said the butterfly, 'I am really ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up, that she does no more good with them. I am sure if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor of the neighborhood. But when I can hardly get enough for myself, how can I help others?'"

The little fish complained that he had neither time, nor talents, nor opportunity, of doing good; he was so insignificant that he had no influence, and moreover, he had to get food for himself, and take care that he was not made food for others. If he were only as large and strong as the whale, he might be useful."

The sheep declared that as he had no horns to defend himself with, it was absurd to think of his doing any thing for others; he hoped his neighbor, the goat, would apply the sermon to himself."

Thus each excused himself; and on the whole, the sole result of the discourse, so much applauded, was to convince each that himself was most unfortunate, and his neighbors without excuse."

Maria liked the fable very much; she wished her papa would always tell her a story, when he wanted to teach her any thing; she would remember it so much better. But he told her that he thought it would not be best that she should always have stories; she must learn to attend, and remember what he said to her, in whatever form it was said. "And now," said he, "what are you going to remember as the result of this conversation?"

EARLY PIETY.

BY BISHOP OTTEY.

Religion makes an appeal to the youthful heart, to which, to me now, it seems strange that any resistance should ever be offered. "They that seek me early shall find me," is the gracious assurance which it offers to the young; and the budding affections to Him who deserves to claim the first place in their hearts. Would you, then, my young friends, invest yourselves with a dignity which will compel and command respect?—be open and decided Christians. Would you enlist the favorable regards of the good and virtuous every where?—be of that number who are not ashamed to take up the cross and follow Christ whithersoever he goeth. Would you have support under all the trials of life, comfort amidst all its sorrows, hope in all its gloom, and safety in all its dangers, be willing to commit yourselves to him who has promised to be a present help in every need, and a sure refuge in every peril.

Let the light of the divine countenance, and let it shine more and more until the darkness of the world shall be swallowed up in the brightness and glory of Heaven!—then give your hearts to God, and with childlike confidence, look upward and say, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth."

The star of Christian hope rises in peerless splendor over the darkness of this earth, made dreary by sin, conducting the steps of the benighted and wandering to the sure haven of a blessed immortality. Follow it, my dear young friends, with the steady eye of faith and unflinching step of a holy life, and like the angel of the covenant, who led the children of Israel through all the perils of the wilderness in safety, to the rest of the promised land, it will guide you through the strange vicissitudes of your mortal pilgrimage, to the fruition of a bliss, perfect, and unchangeable.

Well has it been said, there is something surpassingly beautiful in youthful piety. May we not say, that to the loveliness of woman it is the finishing grace, the crowning charm, without which all other attractions are valueless and of no worth!—Missionary of the Cross.

NOT INVITED.

A few weeks since, a superb party was to be given in Bourbon street. The *clite* of the city was there, and many high dignitaries of the State honored the soiree with their presence. As may be supposed, there was a great fluttering among the fashionable, and a terrible demand existed for "invitations." Divers young ladies were in great trepidation lest they should not be bidden, and said "mamas" lost much of their maternal dignity in laying traps and "anchors to windward," to ensure due attention to their children. I am not able to say how many were chosen out of the mass of butterflies, to make up the artificial summit of a fashionable saloon, with two or three flowers and fruits! Nor do I know the number of aching heads and hearts which involuntarily testified, next morning, that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit," though they would not own it either to themselves or others; but I do know of one beautiful creature, whose heart was still in a vexed, troubled, and humiliated state, because she was not invited!

How much she lost! Lost temper, self-respect, and charitable feelings. These are a great loss, but think you she missed these? Not at all. She missed only the glare of the ball-room—the crashing music—the noisy clattering crowd—the dance—the flirtation and the supper. She was overlooked—she was not invited—she was not permitted to be at Mrs. —'s ball.

Let us see the other side of the picture. Sunday last was the occasion of administering the communion of the Lord's supper. A solemn time it was, (and this I say who am a sinner,) and one which pressed me to tears, even with my hardened heart.

The followers of Christ separated from the followers of the world, and with beating hearts and swelling bosoms, prepared in prayer and silence to partake of the body and blood of their "departed Lord." It was, or should have been, to an impenitent sinner, an awful scene only to be surpassed by the Judgment, when, in like manner, the goats shall be separated from the sheep.

This young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, blooming in health, and buoyant with gaiety, was at church. Again there was a rich entertainment—a noble company—a lordly host—a delicious banquet, and music which entered the soul; and still, she was neglected! Was she troubled, vexed, humiliated this time? O no! she arranged her veil, smiled sweetly, left the church, and was glad to get away! May God change her heart.—New Orleans Protestant.

THE BUILDERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, nor low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shrewd and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the older days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see every where.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those towers, where the eye
Sees the world as our vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

GETHEMSEANE.

Passing again out of the Jaffa Gate, we rambled down the valley of Gihon, around the base of Zion, to the Pool of Siloam. At this point my companions left me, and I continued my walk alone up the Valley of Jehoshaphat, not displeased with the opportunity of a solitary wandering among the tombs, and of standing alone upon the sacred soil of Gethsemane. Again and again I passed by the enclosure, but could not bring myself to enter it; now however, I was alone, and soon to depart from the Holy City, and my feelings had been softened by a walk among the tombs. At the foot of Mount Olivet, just opposite St. Stephen's Gate, a rude stone wall encloses, about a quarter of an acre of ground, in which stand eight ancient olive-trees, some of them very large. There is little doubt that this enclosure was the spot of our Savior's sufferings on that fearful night when he was betrayed. Musing on the affecting narrative of the Evangelist, I approached, climbed over the tottering wall and sat down at the foot of a gnarled and shattered olive, that seemed, to my excited imagination, as if it might have stood there and heard the Savior's cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The stillness of the place was oppressive. The Temple wall almost overhangs the spot, but no hum of life comes upon the breeze over its gloomy battlements. My heart sunk deeper in sadness as I heard the croak of a raven that flew over the apparently deserted city. All that remains of Gethsemane harmonizes with the sad associations of the place. No one can walk under its venerable olives, and think of the meek sufferer who once poured out upon its soil "great drops of sweat and blood," and yet, in his agony, cried, "Father, not my will, but thine be done," without a deeper love for the Redeemer, and a stronger fellowship of his sufferings. Mine eyes were constrained to attest the power of the place over the heart, and, as I rose to depart, I involuntarily exclaimed, "I must go hence, and never again shall I see thee, O Gethsemane!" But I shall see the Lord of life and of glory coming the second time without sin unto salvation; and may I so live as to hail him at the resurrection with the exclamation, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!"—Dr. Durbin.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

A spirit of fault-finding; an unsatisfied temper; a constant irritability; little inequalities in the look, the temper or the manner; a brow cloudy and dissatisfied—your husband or your wife cannot tell why—will more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life any thing but a blessing. It is in such gentle and quiet virtues as meekness or forbearance, that the happiness and usefulness of life consist, far more than in brilliant eloquence, in splendid talent, or illustrious deeds that shall send the name to future times. It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which glides through the meadow, and which runs along day and night by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood of the cataract. Niagara excites our wonder; and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for a continent or a world; while that same world needs thousands and ten of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that shall water every farm, and every meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night, with their gentle and quiet beauty.—So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds only, like those of Howard, nor by great sufferings only, like those of the martyrs—that great good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband and wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done; and in this way all may be useful.—Rev. Albert Barnes.

WHAT I WANT.

When I go to the house of God, I do not want entertainment. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear of the remedy against the harassings of my guilt, and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment, to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light upon the mystery of providence; to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right—how I shall be prepared for duty and trial; how I may pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, and

close in peace. Tell me of the Lord Jesus, who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree. Tell me of his intercession for the transgressors, as their advocate with the Father. Tell me of his Holy Spirit, whom they that believe on him receive, to be their preserver, sanctifier, comforter. Tell me of his chastenings, his necessity and their use. Tell me of his presence, and sympathy, and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of his cross, and nurtured by his grace. Tell me of the glory revealed by his grace. Tell me of the obedience of faith, of a blessed resurrection, of the life ever lasting, and my bosom warm. This is the Gospel—these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner. They rectify my mistakes, allay my resentments, rebuke my discontents, support me under the weight of moral and natural evils. These attract the poor, steal upon the thoughtless, awe the irreverent, and throw over the service of the sanctuary a majesty, which some modes of address never fail to dissipate. Where they are habitually neglected, or lightly referred to, there is no Gospel; and those preachers have infinite reason to tremble, who are deserted by the sorrowful, and such as walk humbly with their God.

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